VELVET IS IN GREAT FAVOR.

TO BE USED FOR GOWNS, COATS HATS AND TRIMMINGS.

Taffeta to Be Ousted in Favor of the New and Soft Velvets in Coatmaking—Embroidery and Lace Are Effective Trimmings for These Garments.

Velvet, velvet, everywhere! Gowns, cloaks, coats, trimmings, hats of velvet! Unquestionably it is to be a velvet season.

To choose from the embarrassment of velvet riches for purposes of illustration is a difficult thing, but our sketches show a few models that will suggest the season's possibilities. Loose short velvet coats will take the place filled so long and so valiantly by the coats of taffeta, and will possibly be the most popular and dressy youthful wrap of the winter.

The exquisite texture and softness of the new velvets admit of the pleating and fulness found in most of the taffeta coats, and the velvet coats fall straight or full from the shoulders, sometimes forming merely a bolero, sometimes reaching to the hip, sometimes attaining three-quarter length. The bolero or hip-length coats are the jauntiest for a slender figure, and complete satisfactorily almost any afternoon or visiting toilette. In black, they are of all-around service; but, when meant for wear with one costume, the coat may of course be of any shade needed to harmonize with that costume.

In the longer coats the Louis lines are much favored; and luxurious wraps, with ample folds, deep shawl collars and loose, full sleeves are popular, though not particularly youthful. Then there are the long cloaks, extravagantly full and flowing, and fashioned upon Empire or Japanese lines.

Many of these velvet cloaks and coats are fur-trimmed, but embroidery, lace and passementerie are used more often than fur, and sometimes all are combined in a riot of intricate ornamentation. It goes without saying that whatever is used upon velvet must be handsome. Cheap trimming of any sort is out of place.

Far better use none at all or only the merest hint of something that is worthy of the material upon which it is to be placed; but the passementeries of this season are handsome enough for anything, and some of the imitation laces are exceptionally good. Imitation Venetian and Alençon point, expensive enough itself to be in no danger of becoming common, is plentiful and will be much used upon the velvets.

Two of the velvet gowns sketched make use of heavy lace; one as a deep cape of lace, banded with velvet, with lace also

used on the skirt. The second velvet gown has the inevitable cape, but in velvet, with appliqué of lace. Another use for velvet is shown in the velvet bolero with stole fronts reaching almost to the hem of the gown and worn over a white cloth skirt and lace blouse.

MERE BABIES MONEY MAD.

The Scramble for Coins Thrown From the Racetrack Trains.

When the race track specials pass through East New York on their way to and from Long Island City, passengers never fail to gaze with interest upon the crowd of little boys and girls who gather along the railroad track and look for showers of pennies, nickels and dimes that are sometimes thrown to them from the car windows by persons who, having picked many winners, have money to burn.

"Come on, boss!" the little ones continually cry, holding up their hands in expectancy.

"Come on, boss! Gimme a penny!"

Some of the urchins are not more than 4 years old, yet they are sturdy youngsters, ready and willing to struggle for the coins with the older boys. When a benevolent passenger throws out a handful of pennies, or even one cent, there is a wild time along the ties within a few feet of the car wheels.

The youngsters plunge headlong into the dirt, fight like cats with one another.

But the moment one of them secures a piece of money the struggle ceases. Then all jump up and resume the cry:

"Come on, boss!"

The other day in this crowd of hustling boys stood a midget of a girl—a mere baby. She could not have been more than 3 years old. As the cars rolled into the station she held out her little calico apron and exclaimed:

"Turn on, boss!"

A man in one of the parlor cars took a half dollar from his pocket and leaning out of the car window said:

"Here, little one! This is for you!"

With that he threw the silver piece squarely into the outstretched apron. In a jiffy half a dozen boys had knocked the baby down and were fighting for the money which, in her fall, she had been unable to hold. She scrambled to her feet, the tears streaming down her face, as she ran up to the side of the car and said again in pleading tones:

"Turn on, boss!"

Another man with a big heart reached out of the window and gave the tot a silver dollar.

"Never mind, babe," said he, soothingly. "That's all for you."

The child smiled through her tears as she clasped the dollar in her chubby fist and watched the train roll away. But before the train had gone a hundred yards those who looked back saw the boys throw the child again on the ground and take her treasure.

In the great scramble for money which rules the world these tots begin early.

WEALTH THAT HANGS ON TEMPER

A Hoosier Farmer and His Wife Have a Novel Agreement to Live Together.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 6.—Archibald Shields, a well-to-do farmer of Scott county, and his wife, Mary Shields, who has property in her own name, have entered into a novel agreement as a result of differences which have twice led to separation.

Several years ago they applied to the courts for a separation, the wife filing suit and the husband filing a cross-complaint, and they were legally separated. But they found it as impossible to live away from each other as they had done to live together, and they remarried after a couple of years. Differences arose again and they separated, but neither applied to the courts. Mutual friends interested themselves to bring the couple together again, and both confessed that the only troubles they had ever had were such as resulted from failure to curb their tempers, both being high strung and much given to "talking back," as Mrs. Shields expressed it.

The well-meant efforts of friends proved futile, but the husband and wife were thrown together two weeks ago at the house of a mutual friend and had an opportunity to talk over their troubles. The result of the interview was an agreement to live together under conditions that would insure the bridling of the tempers that had been the cause of their repeated separation. The next day they appeared at an attorney's office in Scottsburg and entered into the following agreement, which has since been recorded in that county:

Know all men by these presents that we, Archibald Shields, party of the first part, and Mary Shields, his wife, party of the second part, have this day covenanted and agreed with each other as follows, to wit:

That, whereas, having heretofore lived together as man and wife and having agreed to sustain the said relation of husband and wife to each other in the future and recognizing that all differences in the past have arisen from inability or disinclination to control our tempers;

It is hereby covenanted and agreed that if the said Archibald Shields, party of the first part, shall become mad or enraged at the said Mary Shields, party of the second part, then all the property now held by the said Archibald Shields or that may be acquired by him in the future shall immediately revert to the said Mary Shields, as though it had been formally deeded to her by the said Archibald Shields, party of the first part, to have and to hold to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

And it is further agreed and covenanted between the said parties that if the said Mary Shields, party of the second part, shall become mad or enraged at the said Archibald Shields, party of the first part, then all the property now held by her or that she may acquire in the future shall immediately revert to the said Archibald Shields, as though it had been formally deeded to him by the said Mary Shields, party of the second part, to have and to hold to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

Given under our hands at the City of Scottsburg, county of Scott and State of Indiana, this Aug. 16, 1902.

Lawyers assert that the agreement can be enforced in the courts if its violation by either party can be established to the satisfaction of a jury, but they admit that the difficulty would lie in proving such a violation if it were denied by the accused. At any rate, it is believed that it will have the effect of preventing differences between the farmer and his wife, for each will feel that valuable property interests are at stake and will think twice before expressing again the sentiments which have twice led to separation.

MELONS ARE GOOD THIS YEAR.

More Taste in Them and More and More People Are Demanding Them.

This has been a good year for canteloupes, if one may judge by the quality of the supply that has come to this city. They have been superior to any in recent seasons. That means that a larger proportion of the melons has been sweet and spicy in taste and worth eating; for the most enthusiastic admirer of the canteloupe must admit that poor specimens are less worth eating than any other fruit in the world.

The difficulty of telling which is good among the melons has been less this year when so many more than usual have been good. Usually there is no better guide than the scent of the melon. When that faintly suggests the delights of the taste, the melon is in all probability a good one. When there is no odor, the chances are that there will be just as little taste. But so perverse is the fruit that there have been cases in which melons with no smell whatever have had a most delicious flavor, and suggested in their spiciness and fragrance the most delicious Oriental fruit.

There is another evidence of the perverseness of the fruit that is to be found perhaps in the case of no other. The canteloupe is distinctly democratic. One may buy the melons from an expensive fruiterer or from a basket in front of the humblest corner grocery. In neither case is there the least guarantee of quality. The fruit from the grocery may be all that is most delicious in its kind, while the costly melons may be flavorless. Such is the democracy of the canteloupe and such is also its uncertainty.

New York dealers say that the consumption of melons here increases greatly every year. More and more people demand them, and one need only look around the large restaurants to see the important part they play in every meal. Some persons begin with them, while others bring the meal to a close with them. But there are few who do not have them at some point in it.

In most of the high-priced restaurants the waiters will bring melons until a piece satisfactory to the guest has been found, and there is, of course, no charge except for that one. Not all of them, however, show this liberality. When it is displayed the prices charged are always high enough to allow the greatest liberality. Melons in restaurants are like asparagus. They may be very cheap in the markets, but the price remains the same always on the bill of fare.

Foreigners frequently take melons for dessert, just as they do other fruit. But the average New Yorker, whether at dinner or breakfast, takes his melon beforehand. It is as a substitute for oysters, in fact, that the melon is eaten at dinner by most persons. And they are so much more in demand than clams at this stage of the meal that the threatened disappearance of clams may almost be contemplated with serenity.

A ZAMBESI FOLK TALE.

Brer Rabbit in His Central African Home.

From the London Standard.

Once upon a time a Rabbit succeeded in winning the affections of an Elephant's daughter. His long silky hair and clever ways attracted the attention of the daughter of the mammoth of the jungle, and they were married. All went happy as the marriage tom-tom, until the hoeing season came around. Then, as is the custom among African people, the Rabbit went forth to help his father-in-law hoe. After they had been busy hoeing some time the Rabbit's hoe became loose in its handle. Thereupon he went up to his mighty father-in-law and said: "Please, Sir, my hoe is loose, may I go and seek a large stone on which to knock it into the handle again?" "No need to go so far away, my son," said the Elephant; "come, knock your hoe on my tusk." "Oh, no, father," replied the Rabbit, "I am afraid I should hurt you." "Hurt me, indeed," said the Elephant indignantly, "you could not hurt me, my tusk is as hard as any stone you could find. Come, little one, and do as I bid you." So with fear the Rabbit knocked his hoe firmly into the handle on the Elephant's tusk, and then resumed his work.

After a time the Elephant's hoe became loose. Then he called out to his son-in-law, the Rabbit. "Come here, my son, my hoe is loose. I want to knock it on your head to fix it in again." "Oh, no," cried the Rabbit in dismay, "you would kill me." "But you knocked your hoe on my tusk," said the Elephant, "it is only fair you should return the favor." "But my head is not hard, like your tusk, father," said the poor Rabbit; "you would surely kill me." "Tut, tut, child, no more words; come here at once," shouted the Elephant. Seeing that further resistance was useless, the Rabbit took to his heels and fled into the forest.

Then the Elephant dropped his hoe and gave chase. After a long run the Rabbit was caught. "I have caught you at last," said the Elephant; "you shall not escape me again." So he tore some strips of bark off a tree, and, twisting them into a rope, bound the Rabbit to the tree. "I am going to fetch my hoe now," he exclaimed, "and when I return I will break your skull with it." After saying this he went off, and was soon out of sight. The Elephant had not been gone long when a Hyena came by. Seeing the Rabbit bound to a tree, he asked him why he was tied up in that fashion. "Well," replied the cunning Rabbit, "I was out here in the forest cutting firewood with my father-in-law, the Elephant, and as it got near noon I began to feel very tired and hungry, having had no food since early morning, so the Elephant said he would take home the wood we had cut, and return with some meat for me. But as he was afraid I might wander away and get lost in his absence, he just tied me up to this tree, so that he will know where to find me when he returns." "Ah, I wish I had some meat," said the Hyena, licking his chops. "Here have I been wandering about in the forest for three days without a morsel to eat, and I am just ready to faint with hunger." "Poor fellow," said the Rabbit, "how I pity you! I will tell you what you shall do—just unfasten me and let me tie you up in my place, and then when the Elephant returns he will give you the meat instead of me." "You are kind," said the unsuspicious Hyena, hastening to untie the rope. Soon the Rabbit was free, and the Hyena tied up in his place.

By the time this was accomplished the Elephant was seen coming through the forest; so with a hasty "Good-bye, Hyena, I hope you will enjoy your meat," the sly Rabbit slipped away and was soon lost to sight. He was no sooner gone than the Elephant came up, and seeing the Hyena, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, how big you have grown, Rabbit; I have only been gone a little while, and now you are ten times as big as when I left you. However, now I have got my hoe, I will break your skull with it, as I promised you." "What for, O Elephant?" exclaimed the frightened Hyena. "There is some mistake. I am not a Rabbit. I am a Hyena." "Hyena, indeed," said the Elephant. "I did not tie up a Hyena. I tied up a Rabbit. No; there is no mistake. This is the very tree to which I tied you, Rabbit. See the place where I tore off the bark. There is no mistake. I am only somewhat surprised to see how you have grown in so short a time." So without more ado the Elephant lifted up his trunk and struck the Hyena a tremendous blow on the head with his toe, crushing right through his skull, and killing him outright.

SHE COLLECTS FUNERALS.

CONTRASTS HERE AND ABROAD SEEN BY ONE WOMAN.

Shivery Sights in Greece—A Burial at Venice—A Pretty Custom at Naples—Bad Manners at a Cremation—Pathos and Indifference in France—Some of New York's Funerals Are Gay.

It was a curious lament that a woman made the other day. She was regretting the fact that she did not see Chief Rabbi Joseph's funeral with its unfortunate accompaniment of a riot.

"You see," said she, "I'm making a collection of funerals and I think this would have been a unique specimen."

"A collection of what?" demanded the chorus.

"Funerals," said the woman, quite calmly. "It's very interesting. I've started a wedding collection, too, but I haven't got very far with it."

"But——" said the chorus.

"Oh," pursued the woman, "it just came about naturally. I was telling one about a funeral or two that I had seen and it suddenly occurred to me that I had witnessed a good many that were picturesque or interesting in one way or another. That put me on the lookout for funerals until now I have a regular collector's mania for them.

"It was in Athens that the idea first took hold of me. Have you ever seen a funeral in Greece?"

The chorus was silent.

"Um-m-m! You've missed a nice shivery sensation. For taking a real grip of your nerves I don't know of anything equal to a Greek funeral procession.

"I'll never forget the first one I ever saw. We were having afternoon tea in Athens; just plain, commonplace afternoon tea; and suddenly I looked out of the window and they were carrying a dead Roman Emperor lying on a bier past the place.

"You've no idea how queer a deceased Roman Emperor makes you feel. I suppose it's because he's such an anachronism. And when you're drinking tea, too! It's very confusing.

"I knew he was a Roman Emperor because of his profile and because he wore a laurel wreath which was the very pattern of Cæsar's. He looked like Julius anyway. And I knew he was dead because his face was the color of old wax and his hands were folded on his breast and because the chill from his passing could be felt even inside the tea room. Some priests carried banners in front of him and his bier was covered with wreaths and flowers.

"A day or two after that we were driving back from the place where Plato used to hold forth to his followers and we turned a corner sharp into a little procession of about a dozen persons. Here was a child with a banner, a priest in his robes and some people in black.

"But after the first glance I saw only one thing—a dead baby, carried in the arms of a bareheaded man. There were flowers around it and the marvellously clear sunlight beat down on the closed eyelids and pale lips.

"All other funeral processions lack reality after you have seen those of Greece. You look at a hearse or a great catafalque and it seems to be only a construction.

"The bigger it is and the more it is hung with black cloth and bolstered about with trappings and tassels and plumes the more it hides from you the thought of what it carries. But when you look up from your afternoon tea and see a dead face, thin and yellow, and shrunken hands folded over a crucifix—well, you know somebody is dead.

"I remember a funeral I saw one day in Venice. Our gondolier had taken us over to the little island where there is the cemetery and its church.

"Just after we had stepped ashore we turned to look back toward the city. Yes, I was hoping for a funeral. People do die, you know, even in Venice; so it didn't seem unreasonable to hope that, since there must be funerals, I might be able to add one to my collection.

"Sure enough, there in the distance came two gondolas across the water. They were black; but then, all gondolas are black. Still, one of these followed in the other's wake so closely and so persistently that they gave the effect of a procession.

"We waited for them to come alongside the stone steps. First there was a very plain gondola with a few meagre decorations in dull silver paint.

"This carried the coffin, a little one, plain and cheap. A priest and an acolyte sat at the head of the black box.

"In the second gondola came a weeping woman and a little girl, her eyes big with excitement and fear. She carried a bunch of flowers.

"At a little distance we followed the black coffin with its pair of mourners. As we entered the cemetery the gatekeeper rang a large bell which hung overhead. This gave notice to the grave diggers that a new occupant was arriving.

"Thus notified two of them went to a common trench, while the man in charge met the procession and led the way. The grave diggers at Venice always have work. When they are not burying newcomers they are digging up the bones of the oldest residents to make room for their descendants.

"One day in Cairo, we were just coming out of the bazaars and were looking anxiously about for our carriage to get us out of the mob of filthy beggars who lie in wait at the entrance. Before all could get the horses up to us we heard confused sounds down the narrow street and in a minute my first Egyptian funeral came into sight.

"The coffin, covered with a beautiful Oriental drapery, brilliant, was carried on the shoulders of four men. Alleged musicians walked at the sides and pound and blew. Behind the coffin straggled four or five women in slinky black cotton garments with black over their heads.

"The black was not a tribute to the occasion. The Egyptian women always wear black on the street. These were hired wailers and, between their gossip together, they would throw back their heads and utter the most prolonged and doleful sounds that ever assailed my ears. As for the bystanders, they smoked calmly and eyed the straggling group with indifference or made it a subject for not overnice jesting.

"Quite a contrast to these squalid Egyptian funerals was one I saw in Naples. Evidently it was a young girl who had died, for just as we came to the house a dozen other young girls, in white dresses with long white veils, like those worn at confirmations, were being grouped about the hearse.

"This was open at the sides and ends, and the casket, surrounded with white bead wreaths, was plainly visible. From each corner of the top of the hearse came a long white ribbon, the other end of which was held by one of the veiled girls. These four walked, one at each corner of the hearse, behind which came the others in double-file procession.

"All of the other girls carried tall lighted tapers. Their filmy white gowns and veils, the lighted tapers and the twinkling reflections from the white bead wreaths gave the whole scene an effect of wonderful brightness and purity.

"Literally as different as night is from day, was a funeral I saw in Florence. This time the coffin was carried on the shoulders of four men dressed in dead black frocks, their heads entirely covered with black caps which reached to their shoulders and had two slits through which their eyes gleamed.

"Other mysterious black figures carried lighted tapers. They were the members of the Brotherhood of Misericordia, an organization of laymen who, thus disguised, bury the dead when there is no relative or friend able to do it.

"Then I have a North Carolina negro funeral where the chief mourner 'tuck one o' the pretties' fits yew ever did see,' as one of the neighbors declared. On this occasion it was considered the correct thing for the leading lady mourner to faint, or in local terms to 'die dead away.'

"Referring to the fit which was 'tuck' at this particular funeral, the same neighbor told me that the fainting woman had 'done been daid fur fifteen minutes.' It seemed to mix up the mourner with the corpse, but I understood.

"Another funeral in my collection was one I saw at the Fresh Pond crematory. It was interesting in two ways, because it was a cremation and because it was conducted by a German society which went through a good many mysterious ceremonies over the body. I shall never forget the affair, for it showed up the seamy side of human manners.

"When the coffin had been taken into the furnace room the doors were closed while it was wrapped in an alum-soaked cloth. Then the doors were opened and the man in charge signed to the family and friends to approach the opening and see the casket placed in the retort.

"Before the family could reach the spot, however, the other persons in the chapel made a grand rush, elbowed the widow and children, pushed, pulled and scrooged into the wide doorway and, panting and trodden, glared at the simple spectacle as if they had been animals gloating over a bone. I believe that is the most revolting funeral in my collection, thanks to the living people who disgraced it.

"I've seen scores of funerals in Paris and they are a curious contradiction of pathos and unfeeling indifference. I can never see the hired pallbearers handling the coffin as if it were a sack of salt or sitting at a café across from the church while mass is being said over the body for which they and the hearse waiting; I can never hear their jokes as they rest their arms or stretch their backs, without feeling a shiver of repulsion.

"And it always seems queer to me to put the coffined body on a bier in the entrance hall of an apartment house. During my stay in a *pension* a year or two ago an elderly woman died in an apartment on the floor below us. There were perhaps three other tenants using the same main hall and stairway.

"I came home to luncheon to find the main outside door draped with heavy black hangings, trimmed with silver fringe, silver bands and a large silver M on a shield, that being the dead woman's initial. Inside the hall was a black-covered bier or catafalque on which rested the coffin.

"Here were wreaths of flowers and standards holding tall lighted candles. It is a rather grisly *memento mori* to have to pass a coffin in one's front hall every time one goes out or comes in.

"But the French funerals are always impressive, whether they are so cheap and mean that the coffin, a bare black box, is carried or a sort of barrow by two of the rustiest of *croque-morts*, or whether they are magnificent with acres of heavy black and yards of rich silver trimmings and loaded with costly flowers.

"Behind the barrow and its black box walk the mourners for the poor, their black as rusty as that of the pallbearers they have hired at the cheapest rates. Behind the rich trappings of the great man's hearse walk officers in brilliant uniforms, diplomats in evening clothes, though the hour may be 11 in the morning, and Academicians all green embroidered. Every man is bareheaded and every man carries himself with a dignity and a seriousness which show the perfection of respect.

"But no matter which funeral goes by, the barrow and box with two or three rusty mourners or the catafalque followed by the rich and the great of France, every man along the route takes off his hat as the coffin comes abreast of him and every woman makes the sign of the cross.

"It seems strange that though I have been in England a good deal I do not remember that I have ever seen a funeral there. I don't know how it has happened, for according to all reports the English do die now and then.

"The most cheerful funerals I have in my collection I got right here in New York. Anybody can find one almost any day down on the East Side or on one of the funeral ferries. They are Italian and if the hearse isn't in sight, you may think it is a wedding.

"The carriages are as full as they can stick of gayly dressed women and children, all talking and laughing and gesticulating. It seems to be an awfully lovely party. Maybe it's as good a way as any of speeding the parting guest."

NEW HOME FOR STAR RECORDS

Harvard Observatory's Photographic Library—A Novel Desk.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 6.—A new building is being erected by the Harvard Observatory in which to store its immense collection of celestial photographs. The money for the building comes from the gift of $20,000 received last April from an anonymous donor.

This gift, which is officially known as the Anonymous Fund of 1902, is one of the most useful the observatory has ever had. Not even President Eliot knows who the donor was. He gave without restriction of any kind and only expressed the desire that the director of the observatory, Prof. E. C. Pickering, should use the money for needs which there might be no other means of supplying.

Although the observatory is comparatively well endowed, the uses to which its money may be put are as a matter of practice confined to very definite limits, so that there were several immediate demands upon the anonymous gift. The most urgent of these was for more room for the great collection of stellar photographs, by means of which one may record the complete history of the heavens for the last twelve years from plates taken night after night both at Cambridge and at the Harvard southern station at Arequipa, Peru.

Nowhere else has similar work been done on anything like so large a scale, and it would be impossible to duplicate the collection as a whole, or even to replace any individual negative that might be injured or destroyed.

Until ten or a dozen years ago the negatives were kept in the old wooden house which has been the main building of the observatory group for more than half a century, in which, of course they were constantly in danger from fire. Some 40,000 plates had accumulated before friends of the observatory gave the money for a brick building in which to store them: and this building has long been overcrowded.

Progress in methods of construction also suggested many possible improvements. It has been found, for example, that the floors of the present structure, although of heavy mill construction, are not strong enough to support the sixty tons of glass used in the 25,000 negatives that are now included in the collection.

It was decided, therefore, to invest part of the Anonymous Fund of 1902 in a photographic library room. Outward architectural beauty was sacrificed to more important considerations, and a plain brick addition, thirty feet square and three stories high, has been started at one end of the earlier structure. By cutting doorways through the windows against which the addition was placed, space that would otherwise have gone for stairways and entries has been saved.

Absolutely fireproof construction is used, and when the collection of plates is all in place there will be nothing combustible in the library except the wooden cases in which the plates are kept and the paper covers that protect the individual negatives. The new building gives room enough for the growth of ten, and possibly fifteen or twenty, years.

Not the least interesting additional equipment for the observatory made possible by this anonymous fund is a revolving desk, built from Prof. Pickering's own design, which fills a large part of the director's office. The idea may be of use to some business man who find it necessary to keep within reach a large number of papers which can be used to the best advantage only when systematically arranged.

Briefly, the desk is a big, circular table turning on an iron post that runs from floor to ceiling. Above it, also revolving about the post, is a bookcase which is attached separately to the axis, so that any book may be brought within reach without the desk itself being moved.

The sloping top of the table is made up of six sections, each of which Prof. Pickering devotes to a specific purpose. Placing his chair so that he may have the best light, he can thus bring first one section and then another in front of him, always having enough space to spread out his various papers and memoranda, photographs and what not, and yet keep them separate from the accumulation on the next section, which may refer to an entirely different branch of his work.

EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.

Some New Methods of Promoting the Colonization of American Negroes.

Three Mississippi negroes of intelligence and business capacity arrived in Liberia recently to begin work there in behalf of a new colonizing movement. They are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Green and the Rev. P. J. Harris, who expect to reside permanently in Liberia and to give all their time to the interests of the emigration of American negroes to that country.

Some of the ideas on which the new movement is founded have not hitherto been introduced in these Liberian colonizing enterprises. The agents, before any negroes are invited to go to Liberia, are to make a thorough study of various parts of the country to ascertain what locations in elevated and healthful sections of the republic, away from the coast, are desirable as homes for Americans. The effort will be made to build up vigorous and self-supporting settlements, whose chances for success will be greatly improved by the fact that favorable conditions are to be found before Americans are invited to go to the new regions.

Mr. Green reports that about 1,000 negroes, substantial farmers, artisans skilled in various trades and other persons who will make desirable colonists, are ready to start for Liberia as soon as they are informed that suitable regions have been secured. No negroes except those who are qualified to do good and skilful work will be permitted to emigrate to the proposed settlements. The information obtained by the agents in Liberia will be circulated among all the members of the African League, as the emigration company is called, so that at all stages of progress every one interested may know just what is being done to start them off successfully and just what conditions they will meet in the new country.

Liberians are very desirous to encourage immigration from America. There is no doubt of the large agricultural resources of the country and of the fact that American negroes can make comfortable homes there, but the conditions in the republic are different from those in this country; a great deal of the emigration thus far has been haphazard and badly planned, and on the whole the various colonizing enterprises have not been very successful. It remains to be seen what measure of success will be attained by this better organized and apparently well-planned movement to provide suitable opportunities to a large number of black Americans to return to the land of their fathers.

OAJACA'S TALISMAN GEM.

A Mexican Emerald Guarded With Great Care By the Indians.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For years, ever since Mexico was opened to the white man—every traveller to that romantic land has heard of the emerald of Oajaca. Rumor said that it was huge almost beyond belief; whatever its size, it was certain that the Indians believed in its magic properties. No white man ever saw it; but now an American woman has succeeded, through a sister woman's gratitude, where men found failure.

This emerald of Oajaca has for ages been the object of covetous interest on the part of Spanish Viceroys, Mexican Presidents and provincial Governors. Great dealers in precious stones have sought it, too, but the Indians, as the lineal descendants of the Aztecs, to whom the emerald is supposed to have originally belonged, hold it in superstitious reverence and such safe-keeping that, until recent years, little but unconfirmed legend of the stone's existence was known.

A few years ago President Diaz became so interested in the matter that he decided to prove the truth or fallacy of the reports of this emerald's size and value. Without warning, he suddenly appeared in the village where it is said the gem was secreted. He summoned the people into the plaza and announced that if they would show him the emerald known to be in their possession he would in return proclaim a public holiday and entertain them with a pleta at his own expense. He promised, as President, and by virtue of the same blood in his and their veins, that if they would accede to his request he would not attempt to take the emerald from them. Upon this a prolonged consultation ensued among the Indians, the result of which was that from afar off in the crowd one of them held up at arm's length between his forefingers and thumb the famous emerald, scintillating in the rays of the sun. Diaz was desirous of a closer inspection, and, turning to his guards, ordered the man to be brought to him. His actions, if not his words, were at once considered by the Indians to be suspicious. So they promptly raised a tumult, and amid shouts of "Viva Porfirio Diaz," "Viva La Fiesta," the man and the emerald disappeared, and this was the only glimpse the powerful President was able to obtain of it.

An American woman had better fortune. It happened that her husband was appointed to superintend the medical department of the railroad being built through Oajaca, and incidentally saved the life of an Indian woman. In her gratitude this woman begged to be allowed to make some recompense, as the American doctor has refused to accept a fee. But half in jest he replied that if she would show him the Oajaca emerald he would be satisfied. At this the woman seemed greatly disturbed. She at first declared she knew nothing about it, but on being pressed further by the doctor's wife she admitted knowing where it was hidden. Finally she agreed that if the doctor would solemnly promise to absent himself she would obtain the stone and show it to his wife. For some unexplained reason she held so steadfastly to this point that the wife must be alone when the emerald was produced, that it was yielded, though much to the doctor's disappointment.

So one morning shortly after the Indian woman appeared at the physician's temporary residence. She made sure that the doctor's wife and herself were alone; then she produced the emerald from a fold of her clothing. For about a minute only was the doctor's wife permitted to inspect the gem, while it was held securely in the Indian woman's fingers. In size, according to the fortunate visitor's account, the stone is as large as a pigeon's egg, crudely polished, and of a rich, grass green color. In its depths she noticed a few black spots or flaws, which goes far to prove that it is a genuine emerald and not volcanic glass, as has been suggested. The purest emeralds are seldom without flaws, this being one of the tests taken into account by experts.

In great haste the Indian woman again secreted the gem and went out; but one curious circumstance the doctor and his wife remarked subsequently. During the remainder of their stay in the village, though they met the woman several times, neither by word nor sign would she recognize their previous relations. She treated them as absolute strangers. To her mind the risk she had run in showing the talisman of her tribe was full compensation for the service rendered. The general belief is that the stone is not secreted in any place, but is concealed on the person of one of the Indians, and passed on as circumstances may require. If such is the case, the woman must have obtained the gem by stealth, and during the time it was in her possession she was doubtless in no little danger of her life.

Rapid Growth of a Puppy.

From the Morning Oregonian

A few months ago a young man who is employed in one of the railroad offices of this city bought a very small pointer pup. The dog grew steadily, but mainly in the head and legs, having no body to speak of. The lady of the household, like many newly married women, was making a thorough test of her husband's digestive powers by baking bread for the family. The pointer pup was now taking on the appearance of a genuine dog and put in most of his time looking for something to eat. He found just what he was looking for.

Mrs. Newly-Wed had placed a pan containing three loaves in the state of dough under the kitchen stove and had gone upstairs for a few minutes. Like many new bread makers she was generous in the use of yeast, and her bread was usually lighter than a sponge. When she returned the dough had been transferred from the pan to the interior of the pointer, who was already showing signs of distress. The yeast was getting in its deadly work and gradually the dog's body began to swell. The head, which had formerly been the most prominent feature of his makeup, was quite eclipsed beside the bursting body. The legs looked like toothpicks supporting a beer keg. The poor pointer was now writhing in agony, and after several neighbors had proposed various strenuous measures, an application of saleratus water brought relief.